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DETROIT

PERIODICAL

PUNCHFor conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text**Imperial Typewriters****MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN**

look for the loveliest . . .



Always look for the name

MORLEY



What about a nice rasher of ham ?

Say twice a week ? . . . Well it can be done if we stop exporting our money and only getting part of a pig in exchange.

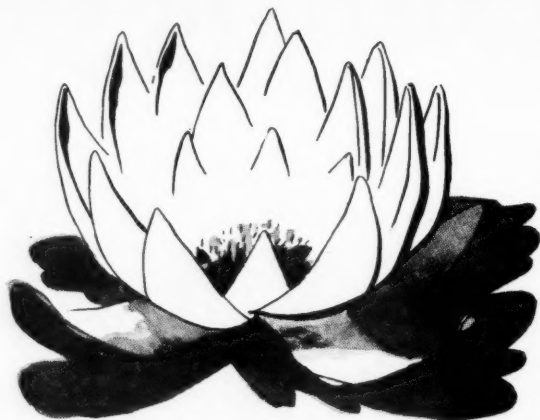
There are ten delicious dishes in every pig besides the bacon and hams; but with imported bacon these stay in the country of origin — and we've paid for them.

So, too, does the sow, to go on producing this harvest at the rate of eighteen or twenty a year. So if 10,000 people here kept a sow we'd have 200,000 more pigs a year — with all the other delicacies. Even, before long, your delicious . . .

MARSH HAMS



Marsh & Baxter Ltd, Brierley Hill



Lovely as lilies . . . your hands should be — cool, fragrantly pale and as finely textured. So with the return of elegance in our way of living, prepare them for the lovely

days that lie ahead . . . with Yardley hand cream which will leave them as soft as flowers . . . without a trace of stickiness. Hand Cream 5/3. Lavender Soap 11½d. including Tax. 33 Old Bond Street

London

YARDLEY



They're all tasting it, they're all talking about it — the exciting flavour of the new Fray Bentos Savoury Beef Spread.

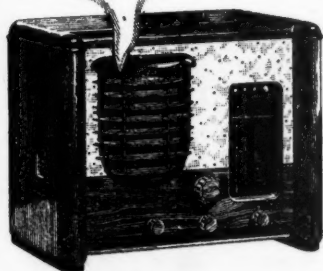
Fray Bentos
SAVOURY BEEF

PREPARED BY OXO LTD · LONDON

The programme
they might
have missed...



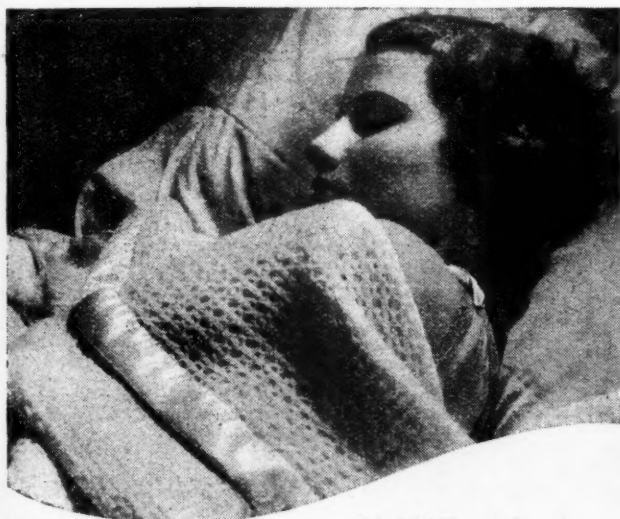
From half a world away comes the voice that means everything to lonely parents at home. Time was when a faulty receiver might have denied them this joy. Today, the Sobell Radio 2 year guarantee ensures continuous listening. For if some little thing should go wrong, the Sobell engineer will see to it at once, in your home and at our expense. Ask your dealer for details of Sobell—the Radio and the Service that never let you down.



SOBELL
RADIO

TWO YEARS' FREE ALL-IN SERVICE IN THE HOME

Advt. of Sobell Industries Ltd., Langley Park, Nr. Slough, Bucks.



Lan-air-cel
BLANKETS



By appointment to H.M. the King
Manufacturers of
Lan-Air-Cel Blankets

**LIGHT AS A
FEATHER...**

giving caressing warmth without weight. These cellular blankets are cherished possessions and if you take care of them they will last a lifetime.

Sole Manufacturers:
McCALLUM & CRAIGIE, LTD.,
Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2
London Office: Roxburghe House,
287, Regent Street, London, W.1



Discriminating people prefer the subtle fragrance and flavour of freshly-roasted coffee that is scientifically captured and held in every tin of

LYONS COFFEE
AROMA SEALED

J. LYONS & COMPANY, LTD., LONDON

Mackintosh's
"Quality Street"
completes the picture



A delicious assortment
of Toffees and Chocolates

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

MORE THAN A BANDAGE -

... because Prestoband sticks to itself. No knots no pins—you just roll it on, cut off and press down the end.



- NOT A PLASTER

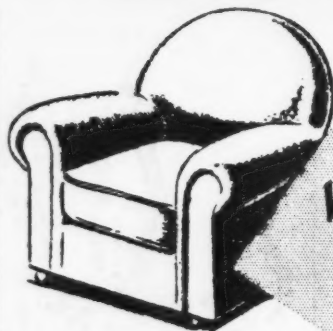


because it does not stick to the skin. Sold by all chemists, in 3 widths:—1" wide 5d., 1" wide 6d., 2" wide 1/- . All 4 yards long.

PRESTOBAND

THE ANTISEPTIC
SELF-ADHESIVE BANDAGE
each packet contains
sufficient for 20
finger dressings.

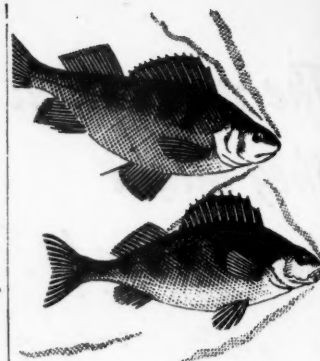
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Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd.
Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1



WHAT'S
INSIDE
IT?

If the answer is 'curled hair', it means it's upholstered with the best filling obtainable, as used for all Service Hospital requirements. Manufacturers who use the best for the unseen parts are not likely to skimp the visible. Curled hair can be cleaned and reconditioned over and over again; it is the most hygienic filling obtainable.

INSIST ON CURLED HAIR FOR COMFORT & ECONOMY



IN 1936 a Perch weighing 15 lbs. 4½ ozs. was taken from the Stradsett. This record will take almost as much beating as the quality record of ELO Reels.

ELO REELS

Sole
Manufacturers:
BIRKBEYS LTD.
LIVERSEDGE,
YORKS.



FOR THE DEAF

A great advance
in hearing aids

Hitherto the great benefits of AMPLIVOX hearing aids have been available only in instruments of up to four pounds in weight. To-day, miniature valves and batteries give the same superlative hearing in instruments weighing only seven ounces. The purity of reproduction and long distance pick-up of the OMNIPAC when used with the miniature Orthosonic earphone give the impression that no hearing aid is being worn. Even under the most difficult conditions you hear without effort every sound, every voice, every note of music—as you have long wanted to hear them.

Please call or write for particulars to AMPLIVOX LTD., 2 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. (WELbeck 2591). Branches at Cardiff, Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow and Leeds.

AMPLIVOX LTD

MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS

Your Hair Brush rebristled—

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,

Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.H.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



The Good "GOOD-NIGHT" DRINK

Your continued health depends on regular natural sleep. To maintain your vitality and build your resistance there is nothing so good as a regular bedtime cup of Allenburys Diet.

It's delicious . . . purest full-cream milk and wheat. In fact, just plain goodness.

Allenburys DIET



From all chemists, 4/6d. a tin.
MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

D44

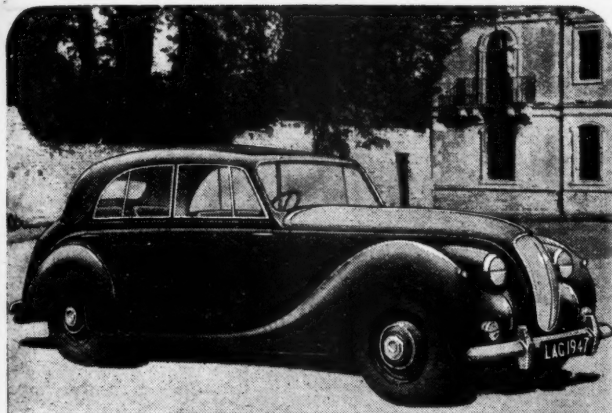


Good leather . . . a famous last

. . . fine craftsmanship

Church's famous English shoes

made by Church's of Northampton



A completely new car of our time . . .

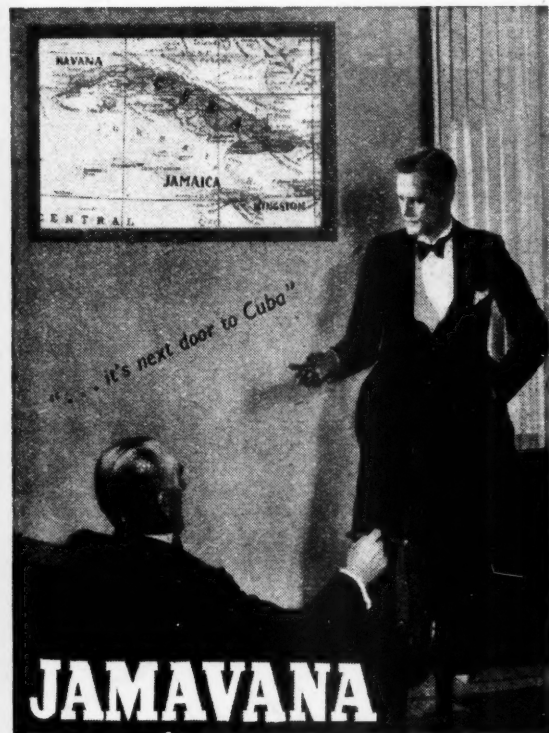
This entirely new car gives superb riding comfort for 4/5 persons. Four-wheel fully independent springing. Maximum speed 90 m.p.h. Average petrol consumption over 20 m.p.g. Engine capacity 2580 c.c. Annual tax £26.

Chassis only £1,080. Saloon £1,370 (Purchase Tax £381.6.1).
4/5 Seater Drophead Coupe £1,480 (Purchase Tax £411.17.3).

the 2½ litre, Six Cylinder



LAGONDA LIMITED STAINES MIDDLESEX



Cigars

Rolled in Jamaica from finest leaf

4/6

3/6

3/-

CORONA GRANDES

CORONAS

PETIT CORONAS

JAMAVANA CIGARS 84 PICCADILLY LONDON W1

'Twickenham'



**What
are they
talking about?**

No, not that last try . . . they are talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and give serious and proper thought to their gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is triple distilled. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Maximum price 25/3d. per bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S Gin
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD. 75 CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

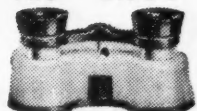
"Lend me your Kershaws"



Theatre Glasses by KERSHAW. You cannot always obtain the best seats—but you can always take your KERSHAWs with you. So compact that they fit easily into your pocket or evening bag—so optically perfect that, wherever your seat in the house, you can catch every subtlety of expression at the play, follow each detail of movement at the Ballet.

Where your eyes are concerned, only KERSHAWs are good enough.

The "BIJOU"



Price - - £3 . 10 . 0
including Leather Purse and
purchase tax on Purse



37-41 MORTIMER STREET, W.1.



After dinner rest awhile?

Very wise . . . when you can spare the time. Hurry and bustle immediately after meals are a frequent cause of digestive disturbance. If, despite possible precautions, indigestion does trouble you, turn to "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges" for quick relief. This 150 years old specific, discovered by Dr. Jenner of Vaccination fame, has been increasingly recommended by five generations of Physicians.

Prices 1/5 and 3/4½ from Chemists, or send 1d. stamp to the address below, for helpful Literature and Sample of "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges."

SAVORY & MOORE LTD.
(Dept. D.P.), 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Dr. JENNER'S
ABSORBENT LOZENGES

For the man of to-day



A bad posture in your office chair wrecks your stomach muscles — they get slack, soft, and protect you no more. Linia Belts support you and tone-up the muscles — you look fitter, you feel fitter and you tire less easily.

Price including the Linia Jock Strap
From £4.4.0 and 3 coupons

LINIA BELT

SOLD ONLY BY
J. ROUSSEL LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: REG. 7570

And at
Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

*its Right...
on the tip of your pen*

Waterman's
INK

Waterman's
Ink

IN THE FAMOUS 'TIP-FILL' BOTTLE
8 BRILLIANT COLOURS
From all Stationers and Stores

No greater cost —

could improve
Chairman
Tobacco; nor
could lesser
cost provide it.
To pay more
gains nothing.
To pay less
loses much.



Chairman is a truly fine tobacco — fragrant in its burning, cool to the tongue and with a flavour as pleasing as it is unusual.



2 oz. Vac.

In three strengths; Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. Each, 2s. 10½d. per ounce. From all tobacconists.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
Sales Office:
24, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

PH

'HEALTH' SHOES

for every walk in life

very good knitwear

Healthguard

For Ladies' Shoes by Crockett & Jones, Northampton, ask for the 'SWAN' brand
CVS-12

Are they there?

For the moment, Dent's Gloves may not be in all the shops at all times—but men who want gloves that look as well as they wear, know that they are worth looking for—and waiting for.



DENT'S GLOVES

Hand in Glove with Style for over 150 years



March

March is a month for quarterly payments. Many payments occur regularly and are usually fixed in amount—rent, insurance premiums, subscriptions, transfers from your own account to those of your family or dependants. The Bank can save you the trouble of dealing with such payments and the inconvenience which follows if they are overlooked. It will do your 'remembering' for you. Every month the Midland Bank makes thousands of such payments, ranging in amount from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds, the customers' instructions being known as "standing orders".

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

THIS SOFTENING, SMOOTHING,
SOOTHING LATHER SAYS . . .

"You've had it"

TO BILLIONS OF BRISTLES DAILY



Available
in limited supplies—
tubes 1/9d., jars 3/-.
These prices include tax.

DAKS

The famous
comfort-
in-action
trousers
are coming
back soon



SIMPSON TAILORED



This Journey is necessary

Exports are vital—and Morlands must contribute their share. But colour, comfort and cosy warmth will soon be back to gladden you again in

MORLANDS

WOOLLY SHEEPSKIN

At tea-fights Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were always the attackers.
They ate up everything, particklarlee
The Crawford's crisp Cream Crackers.



Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits



'Oh! East is East and West is West,' sighs the poet, but all the same, civilizations old and new meet in according Minton China a gratifying welcome . . . The fact is, of course, that charm and beauty and perfection have laughed at all frontiers since man in his queer wisdom made them.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793

The only INTERNATIONAL Army!

FOR 80 years The Salvation Army has been in action against sin, vice, ignorance and need. To-day hundreds of thousands of voluntary workers, guided by 28,000 Salvation Army Officers, are preaching the Gospel in 102 languages. Medical, educational and social work is carried on in 97 countries.

Inspired by devotion to Christ, men and women of all nations are serving mankind through The Salvation Army wherever there is need, without regard to race, creed or ideology. This International Army is thus making a practical contribution to universal understanding and goodwill.

The service of The Salvation Army is needed more than ever in the world to-day. New calls are constantly being made upon it. Your help is needed in the fight against evil and want. Please remember The Salvation Army in your prayers and by any gifts of service or money which you are able to give.

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E.,
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Serving 'Where there's need' always!



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXII No. 5540

March 12 1947

Charivaria

A WRITER maintains that the Minister of Fuel is familiar with all the problems of the industry. It's the answers that worry him.

"There is one insect," says an entomologist, "popularly reputed to make sounds by rubbing its hind legs together, but this is a mere misconception." The glorious uncertainty of cricket.



"Le capitaine Soames, en uniforme des Cold Cream Guards, attendait sa fiancée..."

French paper.

All right, we won't rub it in.

"I put hay, moss, and feathers in my garden to entice the birds to build nearby," confesses a woman writer. We tried the same idea with bricks, mortar and timber, but the local authorities ignored them.

Few people in this country have seen the midnight sun, we are told. It might be brought within the reach of all by Quadruple Summer Time.

Two mink coats were stolen from a London house while the family were at dinner. Obviously they had some coal.

One of the saddest aspects of the fuel crisis has been that while the authorities kept on assuring us that we were not out of the wood yet, most of us were.

An ex-Serviceman who scratched his name and address on a two-shilling-piece in 1918 had it returned to him a few days ago as a gift from a Hampshire tradesman. We understand that he is now seriously thinking of treating his pound notes in the same way.

"HELP US OUT PLEAD CABINET"

Headline in "Daily Graphic."

Many would do so with pleasure.

A mason points out that attempting to chisel or split certain types of stone can prove dangerous for the uninitiated. Moral: Don't poke the fire.

"On the whole," says a writer, "bow-legged people are not musical." This will be resented by 'cellists.

An ornithologist reports having glimpsed, without identifying, an unusually small bird in a London suburb recently. Can the prefab house sparrow have arrived?

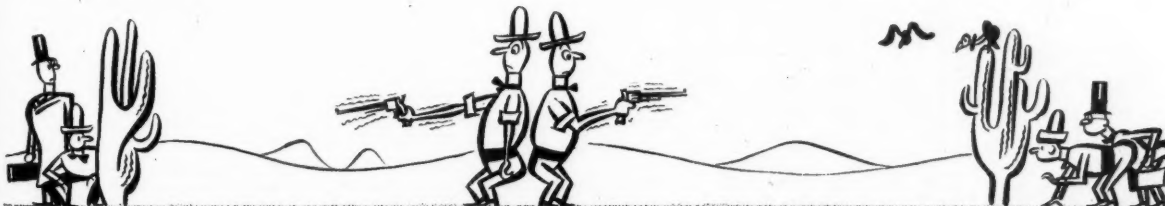


Workers' Playtime

"There is still hope among some manufacturers that the sweet ration will not have to be cut.

'Supplies are slowing down and firms are eating into their reserve stocks,' the secretary of the Cocoa, Chocolate and Confectionery Alliance said to-day."—*Evening Standard.*

After exchanging shots, both of which missed, duellists in South America shook hands. For the second time.



Sonnet of Indignation

(To The Commissioners of Inland Revenue.)

OUT of what warm, and what luxurious den
Where softly flit the typists to and fro
To me enislanded by wastes of snow
Comes this infatuate order, gentlemen,
To seize with icy hand the frozen pen
And pay you monies that I do not owe,
A point you should have noticed long ago
Had you but half the brain-power of a hen?
Was I at any time so much endeared
To these too frequent messages of doom
That I should greet them in a fireless room
And see the postman bringing to my gate—
With winter in my heart and in my beard—
The sole continuous service of the State?

EVOE.

Preliminary Paper

for Candidates desirous of entry into General Conversation
about the Economic Crisis.

(Conditions of Entry :

Candidates must on no account know what they are
talking about.

Reference to books is prohibited, but newspapers may be
flourished freely.

There will be a break of ten minutes at 9.0 p.m. for the
News.)

1. "The whole trouble is that the men simply will not
work." Repeat this dictum three times without removing
your feet from the mantelpiece.

2. Imply that you have read *The Economic Consequences
of the Peace*—but not recently.



"It's not your argument I object to—you're eating
my soup."

3. "It's no use talking to me about the Trade Unions.
What a Government has got to do is to govern—or get
out." Enunciate this. Then throw yourself back in your
chair, cross one leg over the other and assume an expression
of intellectual integrity. (*Special attention will be paid to
candidates who also remember to stuff tobacco into their pipes
with a marked air of authority.*)

4. "I did not accept my present high office in order to
preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." This
was said by—

- (a) Churchill?
- (b) Attlee?
- (c) Truman?
- (d) Knightley*?

5. America's attitude towards our present struggle for
survival may be described as

- (a) touched with a real warmth of human sympathy
and understanding
- (b) smug
- (c) dollarous.

Add a comment of your own at least as witty as (c).

6. Take up the position† of a man who has been asked
"But what exactly is meant by inflation?"

7. Imagine six men on a desert island and go on from
there, using cokernuts as currency. Explain what is
meant by "debased cokernuts."

8. "As a matter of fact, I was talking to Geoffrey
Crowther the other day . . ." Deal with this sort of remark.

9. (a) Construct an incoherent sentence out of the
following words and phrases: *people's mandate, my foot,
doctrinaire* (twice), *utter incompetence*, and *cocksure
theorists*. Bias must not be shown.

(b) Do you seriously imagine a Conservative Government
would do any better?

(c) "Personally I'd like to see a Liberal revival, if one
could only find out what on earth they are supposed to
stand for." How many times has this been said?

10. Examine any one of the following contentions, viz.:
that the only solution is:

- (a) An all-out export drive
- (b) Increased production for the home market
- (c) The abolition of P.A.Y.E.
- (d) Wholesale reduction of wages

and utterly refute all four.

11. "The situation is far too serious for mere recrimina-
tion." Start recriminating from here, making copious use
of newspapers.

12. "Things are what they are, and their consequences
will be what they will be."—*Bishop Butler*.

Get yourself out of the room on this line, without anyone
suspecting that you have lost your temper again.

(*There is no set time-limit, but candidates who show a tendency
to bombine indefinitely about the American Loan will be
marked down and, in extreme cases, exterminated.*)

H. F. E.

* Could this be the Mr. Knightley in *Emma*? Discuss, without
dragging in *Pride and Prejudice*.

† NOTE.—The hearth-rug is reserved for the Examiners.



THE IMPERIAL CROWN

"I see they're going to give it back. But to whom?"

(See Punch, April 15th 1876)



"And LAST night, doctor, I dreamt I was for export."

Lady Addle and the Black Belt

Bengers, Herts, 1947

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,
—Although I announced my retirement from the field of journalism not long ago, a national emergency compels me to take up my pen again. For if the Aristocracy do not lead the way, how can we expect the *hoi polloi* to follow? If our hands are blue, so is our blood. If our teeth chatter, let them chatter bravely. If our feet be like stones, let them at least be precious stones...

Perhaps it is my imagination, but I fancy we Coots appreciated warmth in our stately home to a very special degree. I can still see the great hall at Coots Balder with logs as big as trees being carried in by two footmen. One amusing day they brought in a third footman—a mere stripling, easily, in

his dark-green livery, mistaken for a branch no doubt—and threw him on to the blaze instead! My maternal grandfather, the Duke of Droitwich, who was a very tall man, felt the cold so keenly that his solid copper hip-bath had to be augmented by four smaller vessels, two to accommodate his feet and two more for his elbows. These, together with the beautiful sealskin helmet and gloves worn by his uncle at Balaclava, kept him moderately warm. In later years, my dear readers will remember that Mipsie acquired a magnificent collection of platinum warming-pans from the country of her third husband, Goulashia. These enchanting souvenirs she distributed to her friends and relatives as Christmas presents. They gave great pleasure, and no one, I feel sure, grudged the money when the bill came in.

I recount these little anecdotes to show that no one could possibly appreciate warmth in the home more than my family. All the more is noblesse obliged, I argue, to preserve it in an emergency.

I must explain that our cooking is accomplished in two ways—on what is called "an old-fashioned range" (a phrase that makes me smile when I reflect that it was considered the last word when it was installed, only in 1912) with a new-fangled electric stove as an occasional aid. The range, I must admit, is extravagant in coal consumption. But patriotism comes first, and I decided that we should not consider our pockets against the necessary economy in electricity—especially as the current was actually cut off. So we used up a large proportion of our coal stores during the

day-time, conscientiously helping towards their replacement by letting out the fire after tea and running the electric stove—my pre-war cook, Mrs. Boom, has now returned to us from a factory so knows everything about electricity—at slow pressure all night, for soups and stews. There remained house and water-heating, both now partially electric.

I would not suggest for a moment that I am a Christian Scientist, which doctrine, quite apart from unorthodoxy, is always, I feel, somewhat middle-class. But I do believe in the principle of mind over matter, especially with a little artificial aid. Accordingly I find that a few spoonfuls of ammonia in a tepid bath will leave the skin with a tingling sensation, as after a splendid hot bath, while a good rub with a rough towel will soon restore the circulation. The illusion of a hot drink too can be wonderfully achieved by the addition of mustard to the beverage. I suggested to a neighbour who was foolish enough to instal everything electric—you can't fly in the face of Providence, and Providence intended us to burn coal—that if she soaked tea-leaves in ginger cordial overnight and then added the boiled water from the previous night's hot-water bottle, it

would produce the same effect, with the aid of a little imagination, as an invigorating cup of tea. She rang me up two days later. "You were quite right about mind over matter, Lady Addle," she said. "I adopted your plan on Monday and did without any tea at all on Tuesday and found it better still."

Next came the problem of heating the house, somewhat accentuated by the fact that both Addle and I had heavy colds. Then suddenly I had a brain-wave. I have long admired hay-box cookery—why not apply the same method in the house? Accordingly, I ordered two enormous sacks to be filled with hay, into which I, and after a little difficulty, Addle—men are so prejudiced in small ways—clambered and sat in our chairs until the library fire was warm enough to discard them. I was quite convinced I was beginning to derive benefit during my last five minutes or so, but Addle disagreed, and we were still discussing this when we returned from lunch and found, to our horror, that the two dogs, Peter and Pack, had had, in our absence, a fine time with the hay bags. Bits of sacking were everywhere, and the sofa looked like a picnic in the hay, wisps of which had got blown, by the draughty gusts coming down the

chimney, into the most extraordinary places—on to the chandelier, behind the picture wires, and a quantity, unfortunately, on to Addle's desk, where he had been doing his press-cutting book during the morning. It had mingled with the paste, and—in short, the sight of the library was so terrible that, combined with the bad headache which I already had, I was, I am ashamed to say, not far from tears. My dear husband, seeing this, for once put his foot down and insisted that I should go straight to bed with a hot bottle and that he should assist Chutney in clearing up the damage. I did not like this, because I knew he was far from well himself, and sure as fate, he joined me before long. So here we are, two old crocks together, both suffering, I fear, from influenza. However, I have ordered some good hot grog with real lemon essence and curry powder which I feel sure will soon put fresh heart into us. I am also immensely relieved to receive a letter from Mipsie and to realize that I need not worry about her as she has a very good—though fairly recent—friend on the Electricity Board, who has persuaded my dear sister that she is, I am proud to say, an essential service. M. D.

Translations from the Ish

SINGING COMMERCIAL

"THAT is a business-man's song,"
Suggested the Ish traveller—
"Yes?"

It transpired
That he was referring to
"Thanks for the Memo. re."

RULE FOR BROADCAST SPEAKERS

If your argument is important to you,
If you want your listeners
To pay any
Attention
Whatever
To what you are actually saying,

Don't,
Before you take a breath
Between phrases—
Don't close your lips.

In *a/c* WITH MAUGHAM, CRONIN AND
YOUNG

A young doctor has to contend
Not only with the popular idea
That he can't have had
Enough experience,

But also with the popular suspicion
That he may be meaning
To become a novelist,
Like all those others . . .

Will your troublesome digestion
Belong to the villain of a best-seller,
Ten years hence?

CRIME STORY

The fact that a baby
Or a dog
Will always steal the show

Is no excuse for including them
In the hope that nothing
But the robbery
Will be noticed.

SONG

Ah! the hard little
Celluloid-coated
Balls of green flour

Known on menus
As "New Garden Peas"!

GAMBIT

"And your peerage, Lord X—
Was it a legacy,
A reward,
Or an investment?"

WITH EXTENSIVE VIEW

Secret of happiness
Is to keep down the radius
Of your peace of mind.

As you grow up
The boundary of your worries
Moves inexorably outward:

From arm's length
To room's width,
To garden's fence,
To town's end,
To country's shore . . .

And to-day, for how many of us,
It slides over the horizon
And leaps ahead out of sight
For twenty-five thousand miles

To nudge us,
A moment later,
In the back! R. M.



Everything You Wish Yourself

The "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition

IT was impossible to see everything, but I think my chief regret is that I missed Stand 172. One day before March 29th, when the dismantling hordes will stream through Olympia and reduce its present glories to elemental dust, I mean to go back again with Stand 172 expressly in mind; it is the trading-post of the National Savings Committee, and I am curious to know how they contrive to cry their own wares without pouring icy water on the heads of their six hundred fellow exhibitors. The more I wandered through the "miles of aisles and avenues, zestfully discovering amenities a long while lost"—I quote from the organizers' advance hints to the Press—the more I sighed over all the National Savings Certificates doomed to early liquidation.

Have you yearned half your life for an all-steel greenhouse? Is a snug little blue-and-white houseboat (deftly converted from an assault landing-craft) just what you've been wanting? Have members of your family been bothering you for a model foundry featuring a new soft alloy which will melt easily in a cup of hot tea? Here they all are, with ten thousand other temptations, and it's very hard on Stand 172. Whatever their methods (and the advertised appearances by stage and screen stars suggest the degree of their desperation) the National Savings Committee are fighting a losing battle—for three quarters of the things on show at Olympia can be bought, or at any rate ordered, on the spot.

But never mind. The Ideal Home Exhibition is back after eight years, and even if the homes themselves are

stamped out in sections like biscuits and bolted together while you wait it is refreshing to see bright new paint and lively excited faces, and to observe with frank admiration that designers and manufacturers are stubbornly irrepressible, no more daunted by the lean prospects of peace than they were by the war's alarms.

The prefabricated houses (since we must start somewhere) seemed the biggest draw on the opening day, and the queues waiting to go in at the front doors were only matched by those waiting at the back to be told that they would have to join the queue at the front. (Like most exhibitions this one could do with a few more large and

ground-floor only, built in aluminium for the Ministry of Supply by aircraft firms. Of the five double-deckers four are of concrete and one of wood. This last was the only one I was able to force my way into, a small, calm man of proprietorial mien having rescued me from a fierce attendant who was a stickler for precedence. He gave me a lot of highly technical information about jig-work and bottom lamination, and told me that the walls were packed with glass-wool to ensure (or was it to prevent?) thermal conductivity, that the house was good for eighty years, that insurance companies had been undismayed at the possible inflammability of Oregon pine, and that when the exhibition closed it would be knocked down at a blow and taken back where it came from to have some people put in it. I quite envied them.

My difficulty in exhibitions is to find my way about, and although the attendants had obviously taken intensive courses in navigation it was difficult to follow their directions sometimes, as not all the stands had their numbers up yet. However, I got my bearings eventually, and passed by way of such diversities as the Solid Smokeless Fuels Federation and H.M. Stationery Office (with neatly-mounted copies of *Hansard* to set the blood pulsing) out into the Gardens. Writing of the Gardens the exhibition's official eulogist, already quoted in more restrained vein, says: "In the Gardens are 17 pleasantries eloquent of the sweet solace of flowers and green lawns, of blossoming boughs, burbling streamlets, lily ponds and trout pools." They are certainly jolly nice, and a pause to



clearly printed directions to the bewildered masses.)

Yes, there are upper storeys in five of the six houses; the other one is a

inspect 1 or 2 of the pleasantries more closely made me wonder how much of all this hard work and painstaking planning would do more than glance off the perceptions of the crowds to come.

A man with a properly rustic accent disengaged himself from a cunning display of topiary and handed me a price-list of clipped box. He had a diffident air, and explained that the stand was a disappointment to him, with its box-sculptured animals and shapes. It had been impossible to uproot the intended exhibits from the iron-hard earth, and the present selection was only small stuff taken from (I seem to remember, though it hardly sounds probable) under glass. But for the unkind weather, he said, I could have gaped at ten-foot cones and corkscrews or gigantic pedestalled birds.

In the Gardens the illusion of being a hundred miles from the bustle of the workaday world is almost complete, though it was a little impaired for me when I crept into a secluded summer-house and found a bowler-hatted man saying into a telephone (with an accent quite improperly urban), "Stan? It's Bert. Where's them tulips?" But there, it was opening-day, and those behind the scenes hadn't quite mastered the trick of melting into the foreground; many pale men in expensive overcoats were to be seen superintending finishing touches, and it was clear from their

Road and carried up piecemeal because Mr. Shinwell had put paid to the lift. And this was only one of a thousand obstacles grimly overcome.

Perhaps it is inevitable that an exhibition-starved public should draw comparisons between the present show at Olympia and last year's more frustrating affair, "Britain Can Make It." There is little to choose, I think, but possibly the Ideal Home fashion displays win by half a length from their counterpart at the Victoria and Albert. There is more emphasis here on setting, lighting and grouping, and the impressions are very keen and lively. The models are made of wire, and although the experts claim that this prevents the eye straying from the dresses themselves I found my own eye disagreeably fascinated by the ladies' openwork limbs and mesh faces. Nevertheless, there are some brilliantly designed clothes, and I prophesy the rustle of many cheque-books. There seem to be no men's clothes—but the cheque-books will be theirs.

For a nation sternly committed to a future of hard labour there appears to be plenty of luxury available for the evenings. To quote from the Furnishing and Decoration section of the 272-page catalogue as it breaks neatly into verse, there are

"Divans of the softest ease,
Rich draperies and bed-settees,"

than absolute necessity demands. There is a monster machine about the size of a cinema organ. At its right wing you can make your own records, at its left you can hear them, and in



The cup that cheers.

the middle you can play old Harry with buttons and switches until you get radio, pictures, gramophone or all three. It would occupy most of the ground-floor of any of the prefab. houses.

Now, what else ought you to see? There is an air-liner, beautifully appointed and perfectly safe (they haven't bothered with the wings), a Hall of Beauty where obviously successful young ladies will describe how they got their good looks out of tubes and boxes; the Ministry of Fuel has a stand (patriotically underlighted) showing you how the Eskimo keeps warm simply by having enough snow, and presenting many encouraging charts, including one entitled "Heating in Britain Tomorrow" (my italics); a Century of Army Housing shows how the Army of to-day will be taking its official ease in about six years' time (the lance-corporal in the model barrack-room eagerly drew my attention to the only bit of brass in the place, a small door-knob); British Films are here with model sets, so are the Board of Trade with a machine that answers your questions at the push of a button (but the questions are prearranged by the exhibitors, which spoils it rather), there are free soup samples for those who, like me, follow the signs saying "Grill Room" only to find themselves lured hungrily into the windswept desolation of Addison Road, and, let's see, there was something else . . .

Oh, yes—may I?—Mr. Punch is there in person at Stand 449. And, to be fair, at Stand 85 is the *Daily Mail*. J. B. B.



"I'm interested in washing-up machines."

faces that they had only got their particular curtain up after superhuman exertions. I know that one massive piece of machinery, assigned a position in an upper gallery, had to be dismantled in the Hammersmith

not to mention carpets of thick-piled splendour, hammocks on rockers, inflatable chairs, cocktail cabinets, washing-up machines (a boon for the ideal husband) and a hundred other inducements not to do a hand's turn more



"If it's not a burglar, dear, perhaps you'll wash up the supper things while you're down there?"

Hats

THIS article branches off from hats into all sorts of other things, and I have called it what I have only because no other single word brings to mind such a clear-cut picture of an old homburg (or, as purists will point out, of a succession of old homburgs) and it is with homburgs that I want to begin. This type of hat (I do not propose to mention it by name again for a line or two, as it is one of those words you begin to think you made up if you see it too often) this type of hat is generally recognized as the standard type, people buying other kinds doing so for a reason. Its average colour is mole-grey, and its ribbon, a close succession of vertical lines, is like an old-time arithmetic-book cover in that it squeaks when you run your finger-nail along it, but unlike one in that the edges are not so easy to unravel. Homburgs are often known as battered, but I must remind readers that the trench along the middle and the dents each side of the front are intentional. Push them out and you have one of those queer gardening hats their owners say they would not part with for the world—a bit of an affectation this, for no one suggests they should. The trench in a homburg, by the way, has an interesting history. It is not known what this history is, but there is a dim idea that in about the seventeenth century someone was hit on the head while wearing a queer gardening hat and decided to make the best of it by setting a fashion. (Pedants who object that in the seventeenth century people only wore hats like Oliver Cromwell are just being obstructive.) The only other thing I have to say about homburgs is that the hats differing from them may be classed as bowlers, top-hats and miscellaneous. Bowlers are notable for being made of a sort of vulcanized felt found nowhere else in life. Top-hats are notable for being very proud of themselves and very easy to ruffle; like rolled umbrellas, they may be fussed over endlessly in the right direction. Top-hats include opera hats, which are of course notable for opening and shutting; anyone who remembers having a go at anyone else's will recall the cheery pop with which it

shook its creases off. Miscellaneous hats include, besides queer gardening hats, pixie hoods and juvenile hats held on or swung by elastic. About pixie hoods I will only say that however little the public sees of actual pixies nowadays, it gets a pretty good idea of what they must be supposed to look like; and about hat-elastic I will only say that it is traditionally black, blistered and tied at one side in the most untyable knot known to humanity.

MENTION of hats leads me naturally, if a trifle fancifully, to bottle-caps—the bottle-cap being, after all, to a bottle what the hat is to us. The standard type of bottle-cap is the screw-on kind. This consists of a cap with a spiral rim which corresponds, however roughly, to the spirals round the top of the bottle. By getting the cap in the right place to begin with and twisting the right way we can get it on again very satisfactorily, and I don't think the most curmudgeonly of my readers could say that this sort of cap makes life more difficult than it is already except when there is a dent in the rim, or they have got hold of a cap belonging to another bottle, or someone is telling them to hurry up. There is a rather jolly kind of clip-on cap you punch the middle of to get off and squeeze the sides of to get on. This makes life more difficult only for those despondent folk who think that because they are squeezing as hard as they know and nothing is happening, nothing will happen if they go on squeezing. Sooner or later, though, it will, and if they go and punch the middle again just to see if they find the squeezing easier this time they have only their own foolishness to blame. Sensible people do not let themselves get dominated by clip-on bottle-caps and still manage to have quite a lot of fun punching and squeezing them. The bottle-cap with a little collar and tag has long had its place in people's affections. Perhaps people, in their funny way, are thinking that dogs wear little collars too; or it may just be that they found out long ago how to jab the tag back to get the collar off and consider themselves cleverer than meat-extract makers know.

NOW for the rubber spouts on kitchen taps. These are fine inventions, and like plate-racks are certain to be envied by anyone whose kitchen is not similarly equipped. But what I want to say about them is that, anti-splash devices though they be, they present another aspect to their public when they are trained on the inside of a spoon. Scientists, when they have dried themselves, explain that this is because the increased force of a narrower jet hits the spoon with what they can only describe as increased force and leaves it in what they can only describe as a cloud-burst. They advise the public not to put spoons under such taps, especially if someone else is going to wash up. While I am, so to speak, in the kitchen sink I want to remind sink-owners of something they must have noticed for themselves—their hurt amazement at finding that the sink-basket (or whatever other people call that hole-studded enamel triangle) has been put back by someone else in a different,

MR. PUNCH will welcome any of his readers to his Stand at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, where he is exhibiting selected reproductions of his drawings on the home—ideal and otherwise. (Stand No. 449, First Floor, Empire Hall.)

or wrong, corner. It is no use telling sink-owners that they fuss; indeed, it would be wrong to do so, for psychologists have recently stated that the devotion of sink-owner to sink is a beautiful thing but for which we should never get rid of the messier saucepans.

Mention of spoons brings me to that department of life known technically as cutlery. Cutlery tends to inhabit some baize-lined drawer, and in theory may be divided into the different sizes of spoons and knives and forks. In practice of course it tends to do the opposite and to start in these different sizes and run together into just cutlery. Constant sorting out is necessary, and it is often a good idea to give a visiting dryer-up, or rather putter-away, a nice big trayful and note the result next morning. (Resident dryers-up are inclined to dump their cargoes and hurry off to the radio.) Sometimes the potato-peeler gets in among the cutlery, and this is a terrible happening, far worse than putting the sink-basket back differently, and, if the culprit can be traced, leaves one person hopelessly in the wrong and the other annoyingly in the right. Spoons and forks have all sorts of patterns on their handles, but probably the commonest design is the rat-tail, by which I mean the kind of spoon or fork most people being shown it recognize as like theirs. There are all sorts of different kinds of knives too, and many a knife-owner who has asked too many people to tea has a hard time trying to decide whether it is more æsthetic to give everyone the same sort of wrong knife than to make up an assorted bunch of which each would give complete satisfaction to anyone not noticing the others. Still, it is no harder than the time people have scrapping two coffee-spoons for five teaspoons. The only other thing I want to say about cutlery is that anyone sending anyone else into the dining-room for a tablespoon must not mind being brought a dessert-spoon. To people getting sent into dining-rooms for tablespoons the niceties of a few inches difference in size is not so important as what they were thinking before they got asked.

MY last paragraph is a word to belt-fasteners who find that the prong has slipped through the buckle. There is an even chance of course that they are working inside out and need only turn the belt round to solve their problem. But to the people who have done this and are now struggling to get the prong where it was before they turned it I would say this: call the whole thing off. When once a prong decides to slip it has had it, and people struggling with a buckle-prong that has had it look about as hopeless to the outside world as they think they must; which, psychologists say, is just about as hopeless as anyone *can* look.

Oh, Well

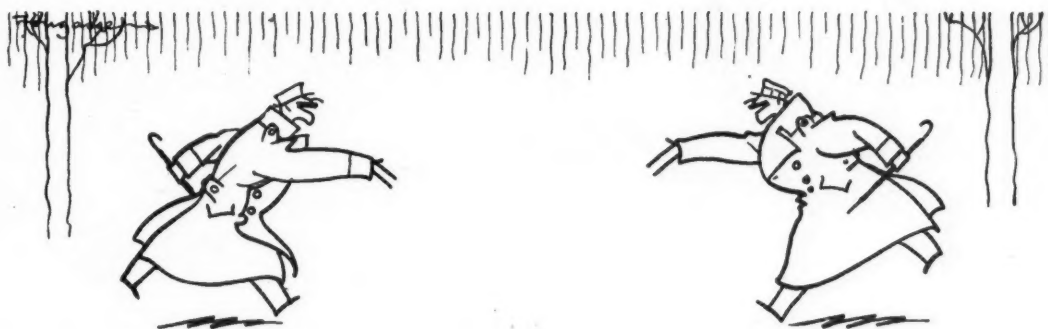
WHAT do they know of water
Whose homes are on the
main,
Whose lives are well-connected
By gutter, pipe and drain,
Who drink when they are thirsting,
Who fill their baths to bursting
And say to son or daughter
"Go, wash those hands AGAIN!"?

Ours is a different story,
Doomed to rely on wells,
To toil around with buckets
And pray for rainy spells.
We, who must wash by quarters
In tadpole-coloured waters
And count the drops before we
Dare clean our coat lapels:

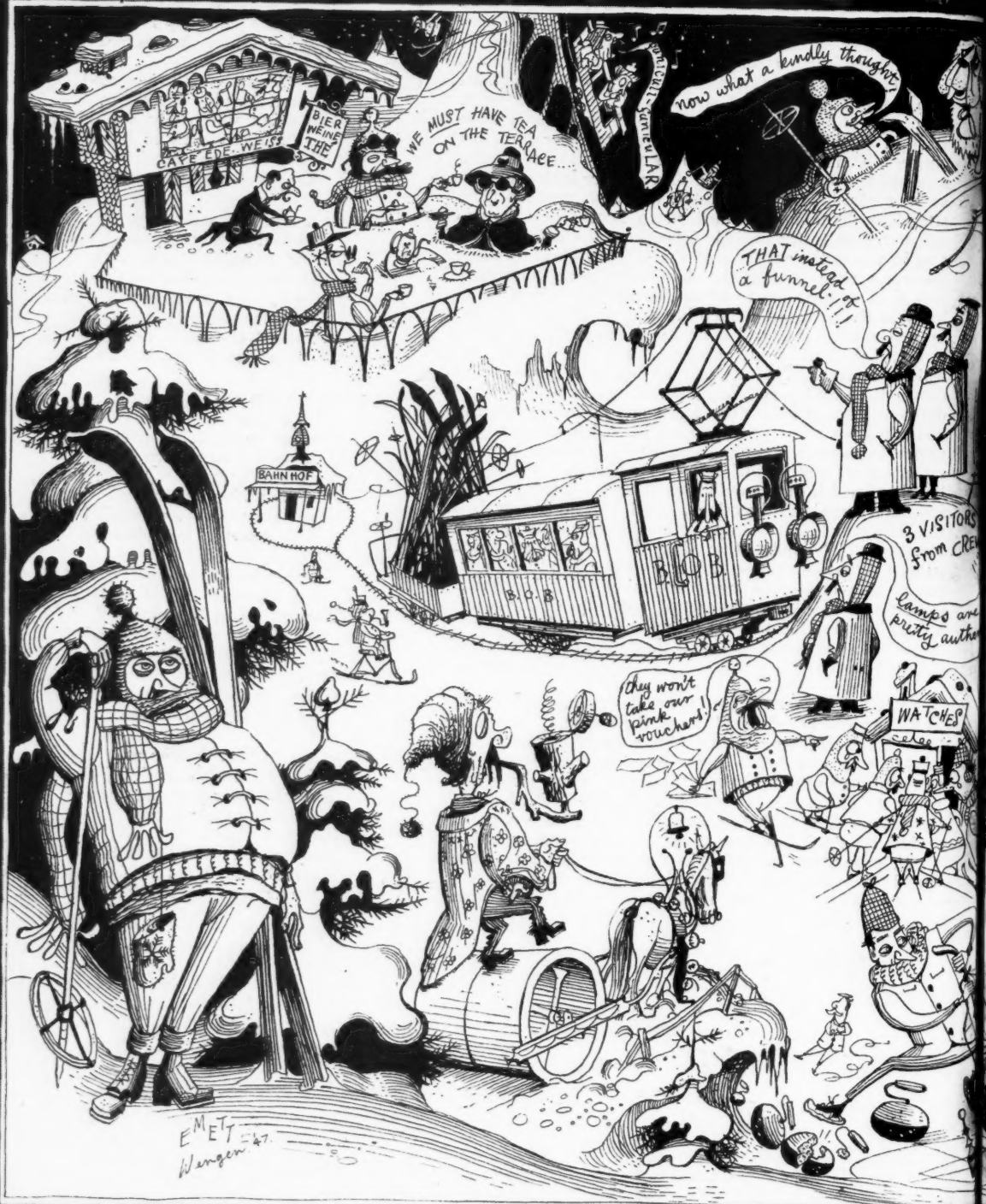
Who, when the day is ended,
Must carefully take stock
Whether to bath the baby
Or wash a cotton frock,
Who must drink beer, stout, porter,
Milk—anything but water,
Whose very soups are blended
With nettle-juice or dock.

Oh, are you not in clover
And fortunate indeed
To turn on scalding water
Which we must boil at need.
The wash-tubs of your women
Are deep enough to swim in
Whilst we have nothing over
To give the radish seed.

Salute to you, the chosen,
Who walk with spotless knees
And wash your pots and linen
As often as you please!
Only one consolation
Tempers our deep frustration—
When all your pipes are frozen
We have no pipes to freeze. O. D.



"By jove, old boy, I didn't recognize you out of uniform."



A CURIOUS PANORAMA of SWITZERLAND
depicting some lesser known aspects
of the WINTER SPORTINGS





"You were going to tell us how you decided to become an air-hostess."

To My Launderer

(On learning that he might be forced to close down owing to shortage of soap.)

IT is not so; they have misspoke, misheard.
 What, Mr. Smith, then shall your messengers
 No more reclaim us from the startled bath
 With raucous summons? Are your cheerful vans
 To kick their wheels in some lugubrious shed?
 Ah, Mr. Smith, if any thoughtless word
 Escaped us once of clothing shrunk, or lost,
 Or rent to pieces, or such trivial thing,
 Forgive it us, for we are wiser now.
 That letter that I sent you, 'twas a jest,
 'Twas but a study for a graver note
 To Mr. Bones the butcher; not for that
 Have I deserved that you should drive me forth
 To steep the collar in Castalian snow
 Or rinse the pant at frozen Arethuse.
 What new constraint has forced this dire decree?
 Soap? You said *soap*? My goodness, is that all?
 Some soap, dear Strachey, for the gentleman!
 Good John, a tablet! . . . Lo! . . . Anon, perhaps;

We must not rush him. Out, unhappy boast!
 He has forgot his playmate; who would think
 We both were boys at distant Narkover,
 Felt the same cane and browsed in one dear crib!
 So small a thing is greatness. To speak truth,
 I have not had a cake of soap for months.
 Do all men marvel when you walk the streets
 To note the shadows that have late obscured
 Those once so radiant features? And with me.
 And do they ask that you should sweep their flues,
 Or drive them in your train? Poor Mr. Smith!
 They ask me too. Come, let me try once more.
 Now, Johnny! Ho there, Strakers! . . . What a
 man!

Alas, I cannot help you; there remain
 Your own endeavours; try another shop,
 Try ten more shops; and if the worst befall
 Then wash the things without soap—anything,
 But let us hear no more of closing down. M. H. L.



OFF THE RECORD

"So you're bringing your plans for a democratic Germany. And how are your plans for a democratic Britain getting on?"

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, March 3rd.—House of Commons: Tumult and Shouting.

Tuesday, March 4th.—House of Commons: Summer (!) Time.

Wednesday, March 5th.—House of Commons: India.

Thursday, March 6th.—House of Commons: India Again.

Monday, March 3rd.—There are times when even the most ardent admirer of Parliament (and your scribe is not the *least*) must find it difficult to maintain complete admiration for that ancient institution. To-day was one of those occasions.

The irony of it all was that two points of great—indeed, historic—importance were under discussion: the course of British justice and the right of Parliament to free discussion of matters of public interest.

It all began with a question from the Government side of the House—from Mr. HALE, who asked about some natives of the Gold Coast who had been condemned to death, and who were still lying in prison after a long period of legal manoeuvres. Mr. HALE wanted the men reprieved, but was told by Mr. Speaker that that was a matter of Royal clemency, and therefore not to be discussed in the House.

Mr. HALE, who has the reputation of being the fastest speaker in Parliament, at once produced a string of precedents and test cases in his own support. But he added that the men had already been taken five times to the execution place and taken away again.

At once the House flared up. Mr. CHURCHILL (clearly not believing the story) asked the Colonial Secretary, Mr. CREECH JONES, if there were any truth in the suggestion.

Mr. JONES, famous for his life-time of work for the native peoples, replied that the men *had* been taken to the township for execution "some say six times, some five, some four."

After a moment of the complete silence of incredulity the Leader of the Opposition was up again with the angry query: "Isn't this an affront to every decent tradition of British administration?" Mr. HOPKIN MORRIS from the Liberal benches, added that it was a "disgrace to British justice."

Member after Member demanded that something be done to stop the

executions. Mr. CREECH JONES pleaded that it was not for him to exercise Royal clemency, but for the Governor of the Gold Coast. But he would ask the Governor—

"Tell him!" screamed Labour and Conservative Members in a coalition of fury.

Unhappy and floundering, the Minister promised to make "representations" (renewed uproar) and then "the strongest representations" to the Governor about the question of a reprieve.

Mr. CHURCHILL leaped up again to tell the Minister that his powers over Colonial Governors were "absolute"; Mr. CALLAGHAN, from behind the Minister, roared that the men had been sentenced for a particularly brutal ritual murder;



"A loud voice is a customary and necessary weapon of a dictator."—Mr. Keeling to Mr. Greenwood.

and Mr. HALE, calmer than most, sought leave to raise a debate there and then, but was ruled out of order. Up jumped Mr. CHURCHILL once more, with a protest that Parliament should not be put in the position of hearing that these men, after being taken again and again to the scaffold, were at last executed. Crashing his clenched fist on the table, Mr. CHURCHILL declared that a Minister had power of respite, if he chose to use it.

By now the Government Front Bench appeared to have been atom-bombed. Ministers looked hopefully—or hopelessly—at each other for guidance. Nobody got up. Then, from the end of the bench, Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, rose, to make an only moderately helpful contribution. At last, the Minister, flushing unhappily, promised to communicate immediately with the Governor and to represent to him the strong feeling of

the House. For the first time there was a cheer instead of a roar of anger, but Mr. CHURCHILL was still not satisfied.

"On a point of order—and on a point of life and death—will the Minister not *get off* and send this telegram *now*?" He waved his arm in a vigorous gesture of dismissal. Mr. JONES, brushing his hand across his eyes, hurried out.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, who followed, was in the position of the boastful music-hall artist who complained that he had had the bad luck to go on to the stage while they were still hissing the previous act. Getting up to move a restrictive time-table for the passage of the Bill to nationalize Britain's transport and the Bill to control town and country planning, he found a ready-made row and uproar waiting for him. He never had a chance to present his case.

As soon as he began to speak back-bench Conservatives began to barrack and raise scores of alleged "points of order." Mr. GREENWOOD tried to present his case, which appeared to be that it was essential to get the Bills through speedily if the Government were to carry out its pledged programme. It intended to do so by using powers conferred by the House—

"Call it the Reichstag and be done with it!" yelled a Conservative.

Several minutes of roared taunts about "Fascists" and "Nazis" and "Dictators" and "Hitler" followed, despite the utmost efforts of the Speaker. But Mr. GREENWOOD battled through to the end of his speech and Mr. EDEN took the floor. The storm burst again, but Mr. EDEN, not easily upset, calmly announced that he was "in no hurry" and comparative silence was restored.

Mr. EDEN's case, made with some heat but good reasoning, was that it was "monstrous" for the Government to send major Bills to small committees of not more than one-thirteenth of the Membership of the House and then force them through at a pace that allowed of only a few minutes' discussion on each clause.

Mr. EDEN quoted Mr. ATTLEE—and Humpty-Dumpty—in support of his case, and sat down. Mr. CHURCHILL brought up his heavy artillery, contending that the old phrase about government by the people, of the people, for the people was now supplanted by another which read:



"'S.P.Q.R.'? Why, it was in last week's inter-cohort quiz."

"Government of the people, by the officials, for the Party bosses." This did nothing to calm the atmosphere.

However, the debate went on until after midnight, when the closure was moved—not without further uproar. Not a day to be proud of.

Tuesday, March 4th.—With snow rapidly covering the entire Houses of Parliament once more, Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, varied the traditional request that "candles be brought in" to one that "summer-time be brought in." He moved the Second Reading of a Bill to put the clocks forward an hour this month, and two hours next month. This was to save daylight and fuel.

The spokesmen for the cows had their usual say, but, after a deal of grumbling, the Summer Time Bill was given its Second Reading and Members hurried out into the black-out of a typical winter's night.

The overnight bad temper seemed to have departed. But Mr. Speaker and Mr. CHURCHILL figured in a curious scene. Mr. CHURCHILL rose while a back-bencher was speaking,

and there were some cries of protest. Mr. CHURCHILL looked surprised.

He looked more than surprised when Mr. Speaker called his action "gate-crashing" and after a deal of to-ing and fro-ing expressed his regret, "as a very old member of this House," that the Speaker should have thought it necessary to "inflict this censure" upon him. Mr. Speaker gave a mild answer and the incident ended. But Mr. CHURCHILL was, patently, not amused.

Wednesday, March 5th.—In the same grumpy mood, the House got down to a discussion on the Government's plan to hand over control in India by June, 1948. But, curiously, the fiery bad-temper had given place (on this most inflammable subject) to a sort of moroseness. So, when Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS rose to move that the Government's proposals be approved, there was no "scene."

Sir STAFFORD made the Government's case with his usual clarity and precision. It was that, the various sections of Indian opinion having failed to agree on the future of that sub-continent, the best thing to do was

to shock them into action. And the best way to produce that shock was to present an ultimatum. Which had been done.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON, from the Opposition front bench, considered this much less than a good idea, and took the view that it was a proposal to hand over India to chaos and limitless trouble.

To-day's odd incident concerned a Member who was caught eating an orange, reported to the Headmaster by Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY and duly rebuked by the Speaker. It is out of order to eat oranges in the House.

Thursday, March 6th.—India was again the subject, and Mr. CHURCHILL was there, armed with a big sheaf of notes. These, in due course, he used as the raw material of a speech, in which he hotly criticised the Government's plans. Mr. ATTLEE replied that the plans were likely to turn out, in the long run, the wisest that could be devised. The debate lasted until late at night, without adding much, and eventually the House, by a big majority, approved the Government's proposals.

Address to Chaos

(Composed in February 1947 at London.)

RETURN, sweet Chaos: come, the Bad Old Days
Before the Wise Men watched about our ways,
When Ministers had not annoyed the Sun,
Not much was Planned, but many things were Done.
Come, lovely Anarchy and fair Misrule,
Who for each Task were ready with a Tool.
Come, even loathly Private Enterprise.
To-day I saw with these astonished eyes
Two cormorants approach the Chiswick shore,
A thing no mortal has beheld before:
Two cormorants—two cormorants, I say!—
Far west of Westminster. Portentous day!
The Gulf Stream fails—small wonder if it froze!
Icebergs at Yarmouth—and the Thames may close.
Post hoc non propter hoc, of course, we sing:
But now and then it is a damn near thing.
Who knows but Providence has cried: Rash Man—
Planning? I'll teach you. Who are you to Plan?

So, gentle Chaos, let me sit and dream
The lost delights of your reviled regime.
One pressed a switch and lo! the Light was found
(To-day you would be fined £100).
Water and Gas obeyed the humblest hand,
Though greedy Tories still controlled the land.
Coal, too, almost like water, used to flow,
A commonplace and not a curio.
Coal, Chaos, was as plentiful as hay:
We had so much we sent the stuff away!
The Railways, not less rapid than they are,
But much more regular, went just as far.
The Ships, with small assistance from the State,
Sailed round the Planet and returned with Freight.
The Arts, less taxed, and very much less tame,
Produced more Giants than we now can claim.
Either by Accident this isle was blessed
Or there was far more planning than we guessed.

Return, sweet Chaos, for we need your aid.
Bring back the artless wizardry of Trade—
How many thousand simple little men,
Each making—Shame!—a Profit now and then,
Buying and selling in Exchange and Mart,
None knowing all things, each expert in part,
Each with a finger on a Pulse or two,
So that no Secret was without a Clue!
And as, dear Muse—if you'll permit a change
To other metaphors as rich and strange—
Well, as the thousand rivulets and rills
Creep down the valleys from the far-off hills,
Shine in the water-meads like moving gems,
And swell, unrecognized, the mighty Thames,
So each small Merchant, Broker, So-and-So,
Conveyed his Tribute to the general Flow.
So to this bijou but still blessed Plot
Came all the Goods the other Lands had got,
Corn, Wine and Oil, and queer things from Cathay,
The fruits of Afric and the U.S.A.,
Rubber, and Rum, and Oranges and Tar,
Timber, and Tea, and Gold, and Caviar.
True, there were Rich; and there were Poor, as well:
But there was nothing nobody could sell:
And though, maybe, distributed awry,
The Stuff was there, for somebody to buy.

Thus Bees and Ants about their Business go,
Vague, as it seems, effective, as we know.
Each bee, alone, from Rose to Lily flies,
A wretched piece of Private Enterprise,
And yet, Progressive-minded all the while,
Conveys her sweetness to the common Pile.
Now the sad Bee about the garden goes
With licensed Wings to seek the rationed Rose,
Or, Roses failing, must explore the Weed
(If she can get a permit to proceed):
And, though the Bees as eagerly arrive,
There's less and less of Honey in the Hive.

Return, dear Muse—for with the bees we've done—
To our last Metaphor, we think, but one:
Begone, Bulk Purchase, heavy-handed hick,
Who still suppose that you can do the Trick.
The nimble thousands, dodging here and there,
Confused the foes and made the Market fair:
But when your tall gross figure comes to town
They all at once combine to do you down.
Begone, Economist: no more profess
To play with Cheeses as you play at Chess.
Begone, vile Planner: it's because of you
I see two Cormorants—I swear I do!
Come, lovely Chaos: come, the Bad Old Days,
Before the Wise Men watched about our ways,
When Ministers had not enraged the Sun,
Not much was Planned but many things were Done.

A. P. H.

Situation Vacant

CLK. (Male) req'd for gen. wk. old est. firm gen.
wharfingers. Perm. for right app. C.J. 8956,
"Daily World," E.C.A. (1st Jan. 1947.)

To C.J. 8956, "Daily World," E.C.A. 1/1/47.

DEAR SIR,—I would be pleased to receive consideration
for the post offered by you. I have worked many years
in the shipping trade and am conversant with all branches.
The salary I require is £4 per week.

Yours faithfully

THOMAS KITCHENER.

REP. Young ex-Service man req'd for corn, coal, trans-
port trades. Essent. kn. with init. Sal. and exs. B.J.
2145, "Morning Review," E.C.A. (5th Jan. 1947.)

To B.J. 1425, "Morning Review," E.C.A. 5/1/47.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to make application for the pos. of
rep. of your organization. I have travelled in seed and
handled coal. I also have ex. as Transport Off. when in
the Forces. I would expect £300 p.a. plus expenses.

Yours, etc. T. K.

DESIGNER. Prom. Sth. African fash. hse. req. eff. and
econ. desr. Wool and slk. gars. Fble. conn. Str. conf.
M.X. 7654, "Mod. Fash." St. Mart. le Grd. E.C.I. (10th
Jan. 1947.)



"Drink up your coffee, Edna, while it's still tepid."

To M.X. 7654, "Modern Fashions," St. Martin's le Grand, E.C.1. 10/1/47.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to place myself at your disposal. I have con. ex. in fashioning of mod. gars. I can show you some int. eff. in rayon and georgette. I never cut to waste. I would like £600 p.a.

Yours, etc. T. K.

REQ'D Carpet Planner. Accustd h. cl. wk. Gd. wges. Perm. with opp. fr. adv. Ref. P.T. 1212, "Weav. and Plan.," M'ter, 1. (15th Jan. 1947.)

To P.T. 1212, "Weaver and Planner," Manchester, 1. 15/1/47.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to yr. adv. in the W. and P. for a carp. plnr., I have bn. on carp. since a boy. Very h. cl. wk. Ex. desgns.

Yrs., etc. T. K.

P.S.—Sal. Req. £5 p.w.

WINDOW Clnr. req'd. Gd. pos. for kn. man. Lad. sup'd. Must be able wk. own con. Y.U. 0101, "Glaz. Wkly.," Strand, W.C.2. (1st Feb. 1947.)

To Y.U. 0101, "Glaziers' Weekly," Strand, W.C.2. 1/2/47.

DEAR SIR,—Ref. your adv. for Wind. Clnr., I have bn.

con. with wind. clg. many yrs. Had cont. fr. Cryst. Pal. before des. by conflag. Would acc. £2 p.w.

Yrs., etc. T. K.

HANDY MAN req'd swp. out wks. and make tea. Pros. fr. perm. St. sal. and ex. W.P. 6836, "The Warehouseman," Upper Thames St., E.C.4. (14th Feb. 1947.)

To W.P. 6836, "The Warehouseman," Upper Thames Street, E.C.4. 14/1/47.

DEAR SIR,—Wd. you pls. con. me fr. pos. of Hdy Man. Have grounding in flr. swpg. Also carr'd out off. swps. durg. ser. in R.A.F. Have brewed tea on lge. scale. Off. servs. with own brm. thrn. in. Very ex. tests. Will acc. 15/- p.w.

Yrs., etc. T. K.

"Dated K—, the 10th December 1946

The Superintendent of Police, K—, is in need of one or two efficient burglars for service in the K— District Police. If in any district or the Provincial Additional Police any burglar is spare and is willing to be transferred to this district, his particulars, together with his Character Roll may be sent to the Superintendent of Police, K—."—From an Indian Police Gazette.

Of course these unorthodox methods sometimes work . . .

At the Play

"THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" (MERCURY)

Who live in an old house on the edge of San Francisco with exactly one thousand well-conducted imaginary mice. It is Mr. WILLIAM SAROYAN's surrealist version of a life with father. His burly, bearded philosopher, tremendously resistant to work and whisky, brings up his children to believe that what matters (I compress his tenets somewhat) is beauty and kindness. *Agnes* is seventeen, but the kind of saint-child round whom dream-mice teem confidently, and *Owen*, two years her junior, is encouraged by his father's teaching to support her fancy by spelling out *AGNES* on the floor in flowers on behalf of the mice and even by rescuing errant members of her flock gone to ground in church. There is a second brother learning to be a musician in New York, and Mr. SAROYAN has thoughtfully arranged for the strains of his cornet to come floating all the way across America to soften the sense of family separation. The home runs itself in the most enviable manner, money arriving once a month in the form of a pension owed to the late tenant, which nobody has bothered to stop. (Thirty shillings a week. In surrealist circles this sustains a comfortable flow of Chianti and cigars.) How disturbing, you may ask, are the mice and the way the play switches dizzily from plumb madness to a sort of crystal wisdom? How perplexing is dialogue that seems to have been written for a number of different plays and subsequently cut, like the rushes of a film, to be stuck together on a system of crazy *montage* which gives many sharp and brilliant effects but presents them in a world subtly distorted from the one we know? I think it is fair to say that any ordinary playgoer who has just had a cup of tea and a muffin and intends on his way home to study an improving article on the future of tobacco shares will pinch himself black and blue throughout the first act, in a vain effort to regularize the proceedings, but will do so less and less as the second act makes clearer

the author's plan. This is obviously not a play for the general. It is neither as amusing nor as searching in its human statement as *The Time of Your Life*, than which it is a good deal wilder, but still it is rich in the sudden dazzling revelation of character which is implicit in Mr. SAROYAN's method and sometimes its inversions have a disconcerting suggestion of being short-cuts to remoter truth. Moreover, it is beautifully acted. Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT as the *Father* has only one big opportunity, but this is the key-speech and he does it full justice. Miss DOROTHY GORDON and Mr. CHRISTOPHER McMASTER

found in the original. The chief credit for so sound a production lies with Mr. GLYNNE WICKHAM (who also made the translation, with Mr. (?) EVELYN RAMSDEN), but it must be shared by Miss AUDREY DUNLOP for her workmanlike sets and by the three undergraduates who led a large and able team of hirsute ruffians and submissive ladies. The most original of this trio was Mr. K. P. TYNAN, whose tortured, evil *Bishop* was acting of decided promise. He invested him with a mordant spite which was very effective, and discovered in his bitterness a malicious humour which greatly lightened the harsh rigours of the cruel North. On the comic side his performance sometimes got a little out of hand, but nevertheless it was refreshing. Mr. A. W. ASHBY had the hardest part as the pretender whose ambition outran his capacity, a man torn in the mind by a Shakespearean galaxy of doubts, and he tackled it bravely. And as the honest young *King*, who in any century would clearly have won a Blue and scraped a second, Mr. J. R. HALE showed up to advantage.

VARIETY (PALLADIUM)

I wanted to see what GEORGE FORMBY looked like in the decellulosed flesh, if I may coin an unattractive phrase, and if you see what I mean. He looks very nice, very amiable, and, in spite of his singular renown, modest. Do you remember how Borotra and his fellow-gods used to come

on to the Centre Court with whole bundles of shiny new rackets under their arms? GEORGE FORMBY does the same with ukuleles, strung to match tautness and each suited to some special tactic in a champion's game.

That he is a champ not a doubt remains from his first confident plucking of his magic strings. His songs are nonsense, but are meant to be nonsense.

He is the minstrel on the pier raised to his highest. power, and about him there is a comfortable marine bonhomie which in a simple way is very winning. I am not surprised that he gets a much, much bigger salary than even the Minister of Fuel (and Power).
ERIC.



CONTRASTS IN THE ART OF SPREADING SUNSHINE

MR GEORGE FORMBY

MR. BILLY RUSSELL

play the children persuasively and without archness, and as the inevitable drunk Mr. WILFRID LAWSON is both funny and rendingly sad, all, as you might say, in the same hiccup. Mr. ROBERT HENDERSON produced, and the evening opened with negro spirituals sung uncommonly well by Mr. URIEL PORTER.

"THE PRETENDERS" (PLAYHOUSE, OXFORD)

This early Ibsen, a massive study of Norwegian politics in the thirteenth century, is an ambitious venture for amateurs, but the Friends of the O.U.D.S. succeeded in bringing out the considerable excitements of the play and of injecting a telling note of satire which I have a feeling is not easily

At the Ballet

"THE THREE-CORNERED HAT" "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE" (COVENT GARDEN)

LEONIDE MASSINE has come to Covent Garden as the guest of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to revive for us memories of the glorious past. He has reconstructed two of the famous ballets he created for Diaghileff—*The Three-Cornered Hat* and *La Boutique Fantastique*—and dances his original rôles in both with a brilliance undiminished by the passing of the years. He is still the same MASSINE as burst upon the gaze of one's early teens—a being of fire and air. His artistry is like a burning-glass held up to his personality, focusing all his sensibility and imaginative force on one incandescent spot—the character he depicts. One half expects the stage to burst into flames under the feet of the *Miller* in *The Three-Cornered Hat*, such is MASSINE's intensity.

Of the two ballets he has re-created, *The Three-Cornered Hat* is undoubtedly the better. PICASSO, DE FALLA and MASSINE wandered Andalusia in search of colour and inspiration for it, and the burning vitality of the work of art they created shines through the performance at Covent Garden. The verve it needs is MASSINE's *par excellence*, and it may be that only Russian dancers can do it full justice. It is at present rather beyond the powers of Sadler's Wells.

We have seen so much of the realism of English stage-designers during the last few years that PICASSO's well-remembered setting produced quite a shock of unfamiliarity. It is strange but true that PICASSO's few colours and subdued tones produce a far more powerful impression of sunshine than all the brilliant hues that EDWARD BURRA has piled one on the other to achieve the same effect in his settings for *Carmen*. BURRA has represented the bright Spanish sunshine itself, PICASSO the effects of centuries of it. PICASSO's white has absorbed the heat of the sun instead of throwing it glaringly back; his sky has had the blueness burned out of it; the pinks and greys of the bridge and the mountains at the back are scorched to hues beyond pink and grey. The total effect quite makes one forget the freezing night outside the theatre. Against this setting, smouldering with heat, the striped costumes—blue, black, white, orange, green, yellow—stand out with a curious and lurid brightness, like the green of trees and grass when

a thunderstorm is gathering. This may be due to an unintentional effect of lighting, but it is none the less striking.

Beside the fire, agility, precision and expressiveness of MASSINE, MARGOT FONTEYN, charming and graceful a *Miller's Wife* as she is, seems to lack passion and depth. The *Corregidor*, whose three-cornered hat is the symbol of hated authority and whose amorous designs are wrecked, is danced by JOHN HART. The fact that he too seems lacking in wit shows how much Sadler's Wells can learn from their distinguished guest. In the famous *jota* the dancers acquit themselves well, though the touch of *panache* that would stir the blood is missing.

Sadler's Wells is more at home in *La Boutique Fantastique*. The music—a ROSSINI patchwork—is as gay as ANDRÉ DERAÏN's décor, whose soft reds, buffs, blues and greens bring an atmosphere of holidays spent on the shores of the Mediterranean in days gone by. The paddle-steamer has disappeared—probably it was cancelled on account of the fuel crisis—but MASSINE's choreography is full of fun and invention. There are some excellent individual performances among the dolls in this festive shop, particularly those of MASSINE as the dago *Can-Can Dancer* (he is partnered by charming MOIRA SHEARER) and ALEXIS RASSINE as the *Snob*, in natty pale-grey with a top-hat. FRANKLIN WHITE is pathetically absurd as the *Melon Hawker* with the oafish face, whose "works" go wrong and cause

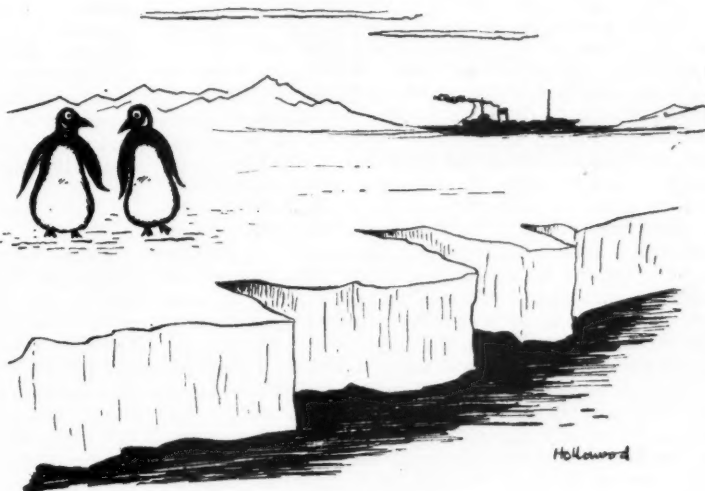
him to trundle his barrow of green melons over the *Snob*. But the *Dancing Poodles* (PAULINE CLAYDEN and ALEXANDER GRANT) really steal the show with their fussing and sniffing and scufflings-up of earth.

The customers are equally good, particularly MARGARET DALE as a badly brought up American child—an odious compound of pigtails, fidgets, giggles, inquisitiveness, nudgings and loud-voiced remarks. This cheerful ballet does one good to see. We hope that MASSINE's stay will be a long one, and that in company with Sadler's Wells he may achieve still greater things. D. C. B.

Delius in the Evening

THEY shouldn't play Delius in the evening, it is too sad to be borne; those lonely notes on the clarinet, those sultry hums on the horn, the sweet rush up of the violins as they leave the bass bassoon twiddle me round like a baby in a treacle molasses cocoon.

I seem to be drowning in butter, with caramel sauce in my hair, and the sad soft harps pull me under whenever I rise for air. I know I'm not forced to listen, I could easily twiddle the knobs, but I want to have some sort of reason for racking the room with my sobs. V. G.



"Don't look now, but I've an idea the silly season's here again."



"Every time a circular comes through that letter-box there's a SHOCKING draught."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Hugh Dormer

Hugh Dormer's Diaries (JONATHAN CAPE, 8/6) is one of those rare war books which are more than an account of thrilling experiences, the events recorded being not only absorbingly interesting in themselves but seeming also to mark the stages in a spiritual journey. In 1942, at the age of twenty-two, HUGH DORMER, an officer in the Irish Guards, volunteered for an attack on targets in France of vital importance to the Germans, and was twice dropped into occupied France by parachute with some companions. After the first operation, which failed, he escaped into Spain over the Pyrenees, an adventure which is superbly described, without either heroics or mock modesty, for one of the great merits of the book is that the author never dramatizes himself, selecting the right details with the eye of a poet, not of a special correspondent. After the second operation, which was successful, he crossed the Pyrenees again, in even more arduous circumstances, as the party included two women. Shortly before D-Day he rejoined his regiment, feeling that to be with his men on the battlefield was "a far higher and more arduous life than one of irresponsible adventure." The last entries, before his death in Normandy, are very moving, though not in the least emotional, the expression of an austere and lofty nature moving to a self-chosen end. He had already acquired much of the saint's detachment, and his last words are: "For a long time have I felt a stranger on this earth."

H. K.

"Woman is His Game."

One remembers, circa 1920, Miss Rose Macaulay noting that, while womanly women satisfied manly men, there was an increasing No-Man's-Land populated by "mental neutrals." Owing to the demands of industry and universal education, the neutral population has grown, making it extremely difficult for Mr. RICHARD CURLE to analyse *Women* (WATTS, 10/6) as such. He has approached his subject unfettered and unaided by biological or theological convictions. He has just looked at women—mostly, one gathers, middle-class English and American women—and registered his impressions and conjectures, much as a small boy might look at the Giant Panda and tell you all about it afterwards. His generalizations are, for the most part, only appropriate to his circle and age. His conviction, for instance, that women are amateurish in business would not survive a day's shopping in Paris. But his verdict that women have lost much and gained little by deserting their own modes of creativeness for men's may be sounder; and if he had begun by taking the family—which in some form or other is unavoidable—as the testing-ground of both sexes he might have got more value, both for himself and for us, out of his indefatigable and often shrewd observations.

H. P. E.

Carpatho-Ukraine

The chief charm of *Under the Carpathians* (LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 12/6) is in its photographs—of horses galloping on upland pastures, of quaint old wooden churches, distant mountains, alpine flowers, peasants in their Sunday best, shepherds blowing their horns to round up their flocks at sunset. The history of a small hill-country in the east of Europe which, after being known successively as Carpatho-Ruthenia, Hungarian Ruthenia, Carpathian Russia, Transcarpathia, and Sub-Carpathian Russia, now finds itself attached to the Soviet Union under the name of Carpatho-Ukraine, does not promise much in the way of stability and calm. The authors of this book, Mr. J. B. HEISLER and Mr. J. E. MELLON, sketch in outline the efforts towards independence made by Carpatho-Ukraine. In 1919 it became an autonomous province of Czechoslovakia. During the last war it was engulfed by the Nazis. In 1944 it was liberated by the Red Army, and, in the opinion of the authors, is now free to continue on the road of progress. Meanwhile, although the Jewish minority and the Gipsy community were largely destroyed during the war, and the southern portion of the country was in some degree industrialized between the two wars, much of the old life, with its strange customs and superstitions, still survives. Young girls in search of husbands enlist the aid of witches, and when a man dies he is dressed in a clean shirt, which the widow must not button up if she wishes to marry again.

H. K.

Artists Downstairs

To substitute gastronomy for love-interest and the wisdom of Epicurus for the usual intellectual hangings, and to set against these not the common run of fiction's pallid heroes but the masters of stove and salamander, the lords of the classic kitchen—that is a noble and sensible conception reflecting much credit on Mr. IDWAL JONES. His mistake is to call *High Bonnet* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) a novel when it is a series of culinary extravaganzas loosely bound up with the career of a young French chef. But what entertainment! What delicate titillations, what sense-poems piously composed by fervent artists in the shadow of Francatelli and Escoffier! This is a witty book, inspired by a genuine feeling for cooking as an art form and eating as a high adventure, and it breathes the

bitter-sweet gaiety, the ancient mellow resignation of France. How it came to be written by a Welshman turned American is a plain mystery. Our young chef is a sociable lad. His cronies are drawn from kitchens great and small, men of strong individuality, and they are vividly described. So is their teeming world of working Paris, so are their creations. Shrimps à la Calabrese are enough to make the under-caloried reader commit hara-kiri on Mr. Strachey's doorstep, but perhaps the most devastating of all in our tenuous circumstances is: "A casket of puff paste with heraldic designs. Inside was the turkey, boned, roasted brown, with ox-tongue inside, redolent of Madeira, and packed in truffles, chestnuts and the celery-scented green lovage." Ah, well. The book is warmly recommended to all men of goodwill, with the hope that Mr. JONES, who boasts a rare equipment for the job, will now write us a real novel on the same lines. Why not a cosmic search for the lost recipes of Apicius?

E. O. D. K.

Haste to the Wedding!

Weddings in China are apparently like funerals everywhere else. The inertia of the principals is not allowed to interfere with the conviviality of the guests. There was a Scotsman, one remembers, who at the end of one mortuary occasion said "This is fine! We must do it again as soon as possible"; and that is what everybody except the bride and bridegroom seems to have felt about *The Marriage of Bright Virtue* (CRESSET PRESS, 8/6). This wedding, which is the core of Mr. KEITH WEST's pleasant study of Chinese traditional life, is more fun for the bridegroom's family than the bride's; for the latter has had to live on rice and bean-sprouts to scrape up the dowry and they dwell too far away to come and see it displayed. Bright Virtue herself is deposited at the local doctor's to await her final appearance in the nuptial chair. And Lo Ma-hang, the bridegroom, is in no hurry to see her, for he has been marking time, very happily, with a dancer. Bright Virtue, however, finds an unexpected ally; and when you leave the young couple at their first interview, laughing like old friends, you realize how cleverly the author has enmeshed the past and the future in his precise little picture of the happenings of a few days.

H. P. E.

All Victorian

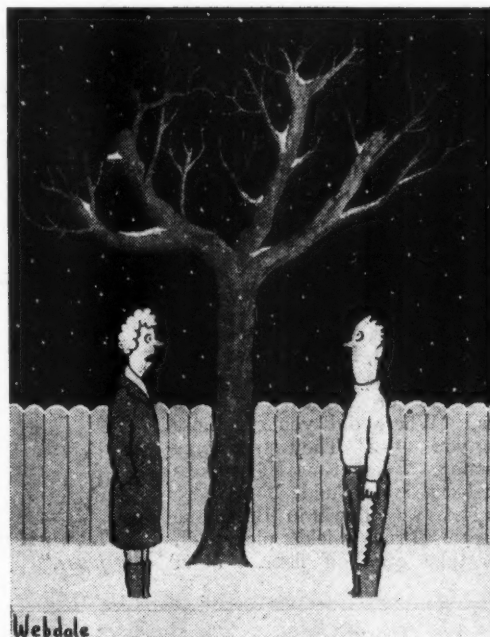
Crinolines for great occasions, "bustle motifs" on afternoon gowns, to use the language of the fashions, and a steady stream of novels whose action takes place in the middle of last century, make it clear that the Victorians are now far enough away to have become extremely picturesque. In *Through Eastern Windows* (FABER, 9/6) WINIFRED PECK has taken full advantage of the scope that this offers to a novelist, and with a distinct flavour of Trollope—recently become human nature's daily food to the general—has written an excellent period novel. It is more particularly valuable because, appreciating a factor of overwhelming importance to the Victorians themselves but often overlooked in estimating them, she makes personal religion the major preoccupation of several of her men and women. It is a "rectory family"—a favourite subject for nineteenth-century writers—with which she is chiefly concerned: the quarrelsome, attractive, opinionated, young Aurians and their saintly father, who is just as annoying and difficult to cope with in everyday life as those who do not acknowledge everyday values often must be. He marries, as his second wife, Marian Rollan, daughter of the wicked old squire of Chants, and he and his family move from the insanitary and uncomfortable rectory to the great house, since Marian cannot leave her

invalid parent. Her difficult life, torn between father, husband and step-children, is the theme of a remarkably well-told tale. The sweet-natured youngest son, Aubrey, is a delight almost all the way through the book, and with Bishop Aurian Lady PECK has made an addition to the gallery of living portraits in English fiction. B. E. S.

Pink Coats

In *Two Centuries of Fox-Hunting* (COLLINS, 15/-) HENRY HIGGINSON adds yet another volume to this already richly documented side of field sport. It was just a century ago that Mr. Jorrocks declared that he "took a fut rule . . . and measured off a whole yard and a 'alf of real darnright 'ard printing on the single word 'oss"; and since his day the subject has provided vast quantities of material for the printer. But the author has taken an unusual line in this treatise by abjuring fiction and adhering almost entirely to historical facts. His discourses upon hounds, and their selective breeding, are sure to interest masters and huntsmen, although the average chaser of foxes who hunts to ride a good gallop may find these parts of the book somewhat heavy going. But the accounts of the historic runs of ten and fifteen mile points are excellent reading. There are, too, some interesting chapters on hunting in the U.S.A. Although there is a difference in climatic and topographical conditions in the Western Hemisphere, it will surprise quite a few fox-hunters in England and Ireland to know that many established packs have been hunting over there since George Washington's day; they will be still more interested to know that Washington himself actually carried the horn for several seasons before taking to soldiering and politics. The book, though a trifle discursive, is well illustrated and contains some genuinely new matter which will appeal to its readers, even if that appeal is mildly nostalgic.

C. J. P.



"Well, what's the decision—a fire now, or plum jam next summer?"

Golden Rules

I COME now to what may well be the final lesson in my special shortened course on the art of writing, for your patience must be well-nigh exhausted. Here we will draw the strings together and tie up the whole argument into a neat practical example. I will take you right behind the fire-screen into the author's den and you shall hear the metronome of his mind ticking over as he works—as he *creates*.

He has reached (let us say) Chapter XVI, somewhere near the middle of a longish novel about Mary Loder's struggle to avoid falling helplessly in love with a young Bevin Boy, Bruce Cudd. It is ten o'clock of a fine winter's day. The children are at school, the vacuum-cleaner will not burst into life for another two hours, and there is nothing on the wireless next door. The novelist fills his pipe, sucks contentedly for a few minutes and then lights it. There is a slip of paper headed "Chapter XVI—Synopsis" before him on the desk. He looks at it for a long time. It is blank. Yes, ours is a very naughty novelist who has forgotten Golden Rule No. 3 (remember!):

*Your book will be the merest flummery
Unless you start it with a summary.*

But, never mind, we will make him a highly gifted and experienced writer who can clear his synopses as he comes to them. After a long and noisy think he opens his eyes and writes rapidly: "Mary Loder looks round bedroom. Every picture tells story. Cries. Finds service revolver in old hat-box and wonders what death like. Front door bells rings . . . rings . . . rings. Mary puts ~~rifle~~ revolver back in hat-box and rushes downstairs. Husband, John Swainson Loder home on 48 hours. Brusque. Poison-pen? Mary cooks. Shouted conversation between kitchen and lounge about what's on at local cinemas. Excited, M. shows two complimentary passes for 'Regal' stalls (Wednesdays or Fridays). John bristles. 'Where did you get those tickets, you —?' They stay home all evening. Every time Mary looks into coal-scuttle sees Cudd. Down there under feet, way down in Branstone hard seam, Bruce wields pick. M. cannot take eyes off floor. John

notices. Strong emotional scene. ~~Joyce~~ Mary confesses. John fetches chopper and smashes coal and scuttle. Goes out slamming door. Kicks milk bottle over. Mary sobs. Telephone rings . . ."

Fine. The novelist smiles and his sensitive fingers race through his untidy hair. Chapter XVI should be exciting. Always a difficult chapter this; you have explained everything there is to explain and now you are marking time before you tackle the catastrophe. The reader knows all about your delaying tactics, and unless you can confound him with a few well-timed diversions he will over-run your position and reach the climax before you. As Golden Rule No. 7 puts it:

*The reader knows your book is ending
By the way its leaves are bending,
So keep it misty and heart-rending*

While the old dénouement's pending. Mind you, the author is not too happy about that telephone call. He wonders who can be at the other end of the line. This means checking up on all the characters employed so far to make sure there are no duplicates. As Golden Rule No. 18 has it:

Your dramatis personæ check each day;

Please let nobody steal away.

Fortunately there are such things as wrong numbers on the telephone, and in the next chapter our novelist will feign sorrow that Mary Loder should have been tr-r-oubled.

But I anticipate. The synopsis of Chapter XVI is now complete and the writing begins:

"When Mary had read through the pile of letters for the fifth time she took them to the window and tore them into tiny pieces. Then she stretched out her hand and allowed the warm breeze to pluck them and carry them away, down into McLinock Street. She watched them flutter like so many Balinese eye-lids. Some came to rest on a window-sill below, others lodged on the roof of a double-decker. All at once Mary's heart began to thump wildly and a mist gathered before her eyes. And through the mist she saw a storm of confetti tossed by strong willing hands. She felt it brush against her face and sensed the firm reassuring pressure of Bruce Cudd's hand on her arm. . . . But there were only tears against her cheeks, only the shredded remnants of his letters dancing down. And only the cold marble top of the wash-stand pressing her arm. She turned from the window . . ."

The novelist stops, his pen poised, and Golden Rule No. 27 leaps to his agile mind:

*When action fails, becomes a trial,
Insert a "Conrad" on her dial.*

He grins and resumes his writing at top speed, ". . . and caught her reflection in the cracked mirror of the wardrobe. Mary Loder was not a beautiful woman but she was undeniably pretty. She was proud of her regular, delicate features. But she adored her nose. It was . . ."

And here there should be another break while our writer wonders what on earth his heroine is to look like, but luckily another Golden Rule (No. 1 this time) comes to his rescue—and mine:

*If your muse from labour shrinks
It needs a nap and several drinks.*

HOB.

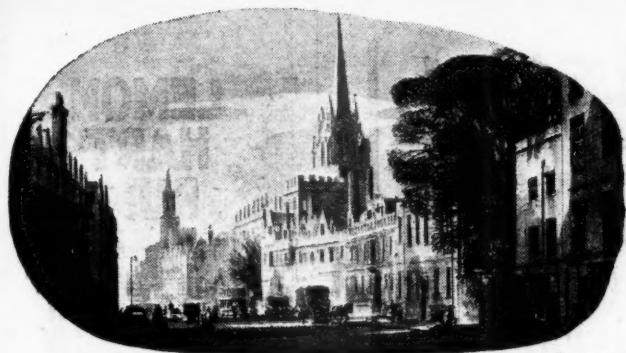


*" . . . and we're expecting even fewer
in future."*

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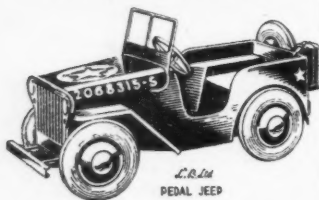


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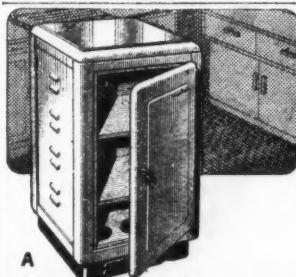
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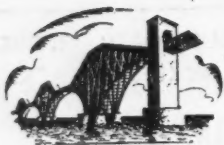


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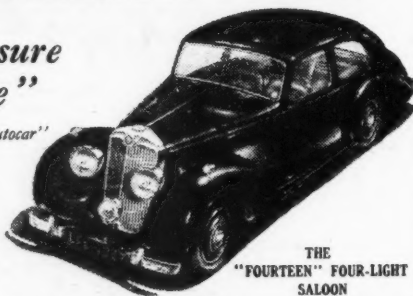
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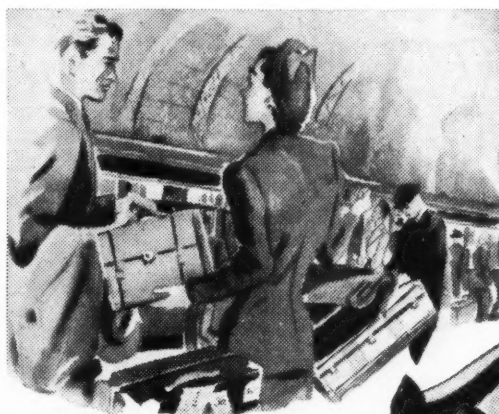
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